

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF ART



"Girl from the Streets," by George Luks. In the Kraushaar Galleries show.

DEAN CURTIS: Naturally the artist does not care to be taken seriously, in fact he does not care to be taken at all; and it is this modern mania to be taken at any cost which is the cancer in our art life of to-day.

Professional artists and dilettantes are taken, but the amateur artist takes, and artists of course are always amateurs.

The vital difference between amateur and professional is that the professional turns outside in, while the amateur turns inside out. The professional converts play into work. The amateur converts work into play.

This year I have dedicated to you one of my bronzes which is entitled "The Blind" and I trust that some of you will be able to see it. Yours very truly,

HENRY CLEWS, JR.

La Mancha, April 18, 1914.

THE above letter is printed upon the catalogue for Mr. Clews's exhibition of sculptures at Gimpel & Wildenstein's. We confess we should scarcely have the courage to quote it had we the faintest suspicion that it was intended particularly for ourselves. At first glance it appears to be a challenge. Well, yes, even at the second glance it still appears to be a challenge—but not for us. It is printed opposite the list of sculptures. Every one who sees them reads the letter. The challenge is for those who accept it. We refuse to accept it. Cowards? Yes. We don't care who knows it.

THE fact is, spring has arrived. It has been a hard winter for art critics. It has been one continuous uproar of battle for us. The effort

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ish, and by some strange irony of fate his ghostly early life seems perfect to us. When later, fashion and literature knocked at his door for a moment, and James smiled, losing his pessimism temporarily, it seemed like a blot upon an otherwise magnificent example. Fortunately he was not put completely to the test, and in a fortnight or so died of delirium tremens. Fortunately, because not even pessimism can stand the final test of being looked at.

MR. CLEWS'S portraits are called "versions." It is not surprising to find among them one of Edgar Allan Poe. This bronze has much of the furtive questioning of the unseen, mysterious, unknowable, that we associate with Poe. It is marred, in our opinion, by the suggestion of too large a body. It is not because of the proportions that we object, but because it takes too much of the material and fleshly to our most ethereal poet. "The Soul of Robert MacCameroon" is sure to astonish the friends of the late and lamented painter. It shows the head of an old man bent upon his breast. The base is elaborately decorated and upon it these words appear: "Loyalty, Generosity, Courage, Metropolitan, Luxembourg, Our Friendship, Little Children, Outcasts." Each friend of Robert MacCameroon will interpret the version for himself. The poet of the "Poet and Parasite" is a proud, erect Indian and the parasite who clings to his breast is as ugly as parasites always are. The "Fallen Angel" is a child angel, resting his head upon a weary silver wing. The "Virgin of the Mancha" in silvered bronze is the most important work present, but like all the others has its difficulties. The virgin for one thing seems to have a sense of humor and she has not the face of a pretty doll, and at a border at the base of the bust, figures in high relief that seem to symbolize autobiographical material after us. One of the heads is of the sculptor.

Altogether the show is extremely curious and baffling. We are not in a position to lead the blind this time. On the contrary we distinctly feel that we need help ourselves.

THE Daniels gallery has had the excellent idea of an exhibition of flower paintings. It is an art that has fallen into desuetude among us and should be encouraged. We fear it was the ladies who brought the branch of art into disgrace with their "buds of passion" exhibited in days gone by even into the Academy. Happily "yards of pansies" have gone quite out of fashion and recollection. It is time to bring back the flowers.

Schumacher is represented by the gorgeous dahlias shown once before this season and by a new piece equally brilliant. The Duke de Nemours, Comte de Brissac, Melchior de Bro, Francois de Broze, daughter of Diane de Poitiers; Henry, third Duc de Guise, and Gaspard II. de Coligny.

Carlton C. Fowler fills the Braus Gallery with a number of water colors of familiar European beauty spots. That first class beauty, Venice, has occupied a great deal of the artist's attention, and there are views of the Lion of St. Mark's, of whose infinite variety custom cannot state us; of the Bridge of Sighs, of whose infinite variety, ditto; of the Robert Browning palace, and of the "Back of the Salute." The "Back of the Salute" is highly welcome. Most artists who do the Bridge of Sighs do also the Salute from the front. To have gone around to the back of this bewilderingly beautiful and charming edifice to sketch a little bridge and some homely Venetian houses leads us to hope much from the second trip abroad of Mr. Fowler. In avoiding the stereotyped subject he will go far toward avoiding the stereotyped manner.

At present our artist paints boldly but not too well. His tendency is rather toward the English school in that he seems thankful to have achieved a recognizable likeness of the spot without daring to play with the medium. Red houses to Mr. Fowler are simply red and green trees are green. There can be poetry as well as fact in color will occur in him later. One of the smaller pictures attempts a little

ART NEWS AND COMMENT.

AN excellent new number of *Art in America* has just appeared, with an article by Dr. Valentiner upon Matteo Civitate: "Houdon in America," by Paul Vitry; the "Baldovini" in the Jarves Collection," by Professor Siren; and a note upon Botticelli's Giuliano de' Medici, lately purchased by Otto H. Kahn, by Mary Logan Berenson.

Mrs. Berenson says of the picture and of Giuliano:

"From two atelier or school versions, one at Bergamo and the other at Herlin, students of Italian art have been able to infer that the master himself must have painted the portrait of his talented young patron, but of this original no trace had been left, and it has long been given up as lost."

"Nothing but the most convincing internal evidence could make one feel sure that Mr. Kahn's picture was indeed the unique original from Botticelli's own hand, but that evidence is too conclusive to admit of doubt. The excellence of line and modelling and the nobility of interpretation of the character could not derive from any but the highest talent, while the sign marks of Botticelli himself are apparent in every detail. The functional contours, indicating the bony structure of the head, the firm modelling, with the minimum of shadow, of the brow and jaw, the massing of the hair, the sensitive outlines of nostril and mouth, are each and all equivalent to signatures by the master himself."

"When we study the head in the Morelli collection at Bergamo, which is by Botticelli's most talented pupil, often called 'Amico di Sandro,' we see at once that the imitator took over only the general shape of the original and missed, as indeed an inferior artist could not help missing, the vital touch and close knit structure. It would seem to have been painted not from the model but from this picture, whereas Mr. Kahn's picture is convincingly a real person. The Berlin version is poorer still, and was probably a copy of the Bergamo picture."

"It is needless to write, at length, of Giuliano de' Medici, for every book that treats of the Italian Renaissance is full of him. I purposely call him the most romantic Florentine figure of that time. His early and tragic death—he was assassinated on Easter Day, 1478, while bearing mass in the Florence Cathedral—at once makes it difficult to judge of his character and value as a statesman and ruler, and casts an immense glamour over his youth. He was loved, and beauty, loved women and poets, and was dearly loved by them. Politician, the most exquisite and

delightful poet then living, celebrated his loves and his tournaments. His passion for the 'Bella Simonetta' became part and parcel of Florentine poetical and romantic legend. His son, by a more obscure mistress, was adopted into the family of Giuliano's brother, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and grew up to be famous as Pope Clement VII, one of the greatest patrons of art who ever lived. Indeed, all in all, Florence never had a figure who took such hold on the imagination of poets and artists as this Giuliano, whose portrait by Botticelli has now come to America."

E. M. Hodgkins has arranged an exhibition of miniatures and drawings that will interest not only the friends of art but the historians as well, dealing as it does with individuals of the very greatest celebrity.

Among the miniatures is one of no less an individual than James II. when a boy, done by the artist Prevost in the most appealing manner, with great brilliancy in the color. The portrait of the Duke of Brunswick, Charles the Second, son of Barbara Villiers, painted by Lawrence Cross, has all sorts of miniature excellences, with full justice done to the pride of bearing of the young man. Anne Hyde, who set all England by the ears when she married the Duke of York, naturally attracted herself too in the miniature by Bernard Lens. The details of the elaborate costume are most patiently put in. Sir Kenelm Digby, who was an author, naval commander and diplomatist, has been wonderfully painted by Thomas Platman. The armor is an especially successful achievement.

Among the other great swells who here confront us out of the past are the Duchess of Sunderland, by the great Samuel Cooper; John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, by Christian Richter; Henrietta Churchill, by Nathaniel Dixon; Countess of Peterborough, by Lawrence Cross; the Bishop of Norwich, by Thomas Platman; Sarah Jennings, by Lawrence Cross; and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, painted by an unknown French artist.

The accompanying show of drawings is made up exclusively of portraits. They are drawings in pencil, with a few touches of color, but the restraint of the method seems to accent the masterly workmanship. Among the personages are the Duke de Nemours, Comte de Brissac, Melchior de Bro, Francois de Broze, daughter of Diane de Poitiers; Henry, third Duc de Guise, and Gaspard II. de Coligny.

The first number of *Art in Europe*, edited by Seymour de Ricci, has appeared, and at a glance we venture to prophesy success for it. It will appear monthly, in French and English, in pamphlet form, illustrated, and not only covers the field of art happenings in Europe but takes a glance at New York occasionally also. Its first editorial states its aim:

"It may be doubted whether there exists a monthly art paper mainly devoted to 'news,' which after all is the prominent feature in modern journalism. Art in Europe will be an attempt to cover that field to the practical exclusion of all others."

"A monthly paper has the possibility of being accurate, because it finds time to control all information it receives and thus escape many chances of error. It can also eliminate all the minor incidents of daily life and only keep record of permanently interesting events. A monthly paper is in the position to combine reliable information—the journalist's ideal—with scientific accuracy, hitherto the student's monopoly."

"We will give every care to the quality of the illustrations and will endeavor each time an interesting work of art comes to our knowledge, either in a sale, in a private collection, in a museum, or in a dealer's shop, to publish in these columns a good and faithful reproduction."

"There will hardly ever be a lengthy article in this paper. Our chief aim is to give ample information and we cannot allow literary effusions to encroach on the space reserved for news."

The great sales of the auction rooms are written up in the new magazine in an especially sprightly and pithy manner. A useful feature is the calendar of future auctions. The illustrations and

the drama of nature. It is without naïveté, but shows a ray of light breaking through black clouds to light up the waters and shipping of a bay. A continued search for and study of such subjects will surely bring a desirable softening of style.

In the Folsom Galleries there are two exhibitions, Prosper L. Senat's studies of Dalmatia, Capri, and southern Italy, in the large gallery, and George H. Leonard's pastels in the smaller room.

Mr. Senat chooses fine themes and works them out with great detail and finish. The perolas of Capri and Anacapri are painted with a completion and fervor possible only to one who has lived long in Italy and to whom such things have come to mean such.

The pastels of Mr. Leonard are thoroughly delightful notes. He has the true pastel feeling, as well as an agreeable sense of color. He has recently exhibited with success in the Copley Gallery, Boston, and also in Paris in the Gallery of Modern Artists, Rue Cassanville.

Some color etchings by George Senseney that have never been shown before in New York have been placed on view in the gallery of D. B. Butler and Company, and with them are hung some of this artist's better known prints, twenty-one in all.

Mr. Senseney's new etchings include the "Court of the Greyhounds," "The Old Chapel" and "A Devout Woman" who has gone to chapel. Both the chapels are quaint and drawn with full sympathy for the architecture. There are rude altars, with the peculiarly touching investiture of candles, homely ornaments, and ancient crucifixes that bespeak a good cure and a pious parish. The "Devout Woman" is seen in the chapel through an open door, the greater part of the plate being given to the vestibule walls and stairs, which are in shadow. It has excellent lines, and so too has the "Court of the Greyhounds," a clever arrangement of an architectural motif.

The painting of St. Catharine, recently purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art from the Reber collection of Barmen, Germany, was unhesitatingly pronounced by Bernhard Berenson, the well known authority on Italian art, to be the work of Pietro, the elder of the two Lorenzetti brothers. In Germany it had been attributed to Ambrogio Lorenzetti.

The half length of the saint with a thoughtful, noble face, bearing the palm of martyrdom in her hand, is painted against a gold background. The panel was probably part of an old altar piece with tiers of other saints.

"Though only a detail from a larger work," Mr. Burroughs writes in the *Bulletin*: "this painting worthily exemplifies many of the particular qualities of the Sienese school at the period of its highest development, a period which hitherto has been unrepresented in our collection."

"Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti are the greatest names of the thirteenth century in the Sienese tradition, paragoned throughout the fourteenth century in their city, is transfused by something of the higher purpose that had been revealed by their great contemporary, Giotto, in neighboring Florence. Pietro, especially, showing a rare appreciation of expressive gesture, character, and the significance of things. Withal, there is no abatement in his work of the peculiar virtues of the Sienese school—the feeling for color, the love of rich ornament and exquisite color, or the strange and exotic type of beauty, the common property of all who derived from Duccio."

"These are the qualities which are found in our panel, together with the others learned from Giotto as well, to the extent that the nature of the work and its deliberately sculptural arrangement permit. The dramatic power, which at will Pietro discloses, is necessarily subdued in a work of this purpose. The substantial part of an altar piece was made to take its appropriate place in expression as well as decoration, with regard to the rest. It bore the same relation to the whole that an architectural feature, a window or a niche with a statue devoted to the design of the facade of which it is a part."

"Jerome Myers" writes Guy Pene du Bois, in *Art and Progress*, "is a real independent. He speaks language at once direct, forceful and individual. By this I mean that it is neither a borrowed nor influenced language given this or that turn by the fad of the hour. The makers of modern art, who have found the words cubism, futurism, post-impressionism along with a great galaxy of terms and applied them with as much relevancy as they did in years past the word impressionism, have put Jerome Myers in the pigeonhole allotted to the realists. He does not belong there. With Arthur H. Davies and one or two others in America he is to be pointed out as an artist whose inspiration has been borrowed from nature without an introduction from a school of painting, of preconceived ideas that would have made everything easier for him. He has fought and is fighting, for the battle is far from over, alone, bowing neither to the right nor to the left, compromising with the art or the lay public neither in his speech nor in his ideals. I mean here that he is not what the writers term a literary philosopher, and which in the case of an artist would stand very well by supplanting 'library' with museum."

There are many foreign painters who will make a first appearance in this country in the International Art Show which opens at Pittsburgh next week. Two of them, regardless of what success may attend their work, are bound to become well known in art circles because of their names. We refer to Willy Ter Hell and Charles O'Lyne de Lynchtown. Mr. O'Lyne de Lynchtown seems to be a German, for his landscape bears a formidable German title.

Jean Guiffrey, curator of paintings at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in his annual report just published speaks of two shows of foreign art as follows:

"Of the foreign schools there were two large exhibitions, one of paintings by Albert Besnard, from the 20th of January to the 16th of February, and one of Scandinavian art, from the 24th of March to the 21st of April. They showed a lively interest. The first furnished a review of the career of an artist who has now arrived at his apogee. Works were shown which were previous to or contemporary with his stay in Italy, where he held the Prix de Rome in 1874, as well as paintings dat-



"Hermine," by George Luks. In the Kraushaar Galleries show.

types are excellent and the whole number makes a clear cut impression.

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Miss Marjorie Curtis, by Janet Scudder.

The plaster head that was broken to pieces and afterward mended and restored to the recent exhibition of Women Sculptors and Painters.

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